THE SUPER-ICARUS

LESLIE REISER

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BY

LESLIE REISER

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Dedicated to the Lucifer spirits,
who, Icarus-wise,
have flown too near the sun

INTRODUCTION

This chiaroscuro was written before America's entry into the War, and since the Author's return from France several modifications were found necessary. Principles and concepts then in the balance are now no longer subject to dispute. Thus, the validity of a moral critique in application to the conduct of nations is no longer a moot question. But, on the other hand, how does the ascendency of the principle of right over might transvalue the significance of Individualism?

On that score the author has not found it necessary to eliminate the Nietzschean *motif* embodied, holding with John Dewey that the accounting for the intellectual attitude of Germany by reference to Nietzsche is superficial. In truth, it seems that were the

German people a race animated by the Nietzschean principles of individualism, the present War would have been impossible, for then the patriotism elevated to a religion would have been incompatible with the tendencies of the individualism which precludes the subordination of self to a higher authority. In the application of the principles of the individual to the State most authors fall into the error of overlooking the "reversing layer."

The introduction of the theory of vibration needs an apology rather than an introduction. In the words of the late Dr. Paul Carus to the author, "these theories are overworked by people who have created in my conception, a kind of prejudice. They have been treated by mystics and Oriental sages who have made ether vibrations almost ridiculous, at least in my opinion, and it is rather difficult to treat the real scientific truth of vibration theories." The present author here attempts to treat the "real scientific truth of vibration theories."

As the reader knows, the hyper-space concept is not new, but the treatment of the superman concept from the angle of psychoanalysis is rather novel.

To embody these, our contemporary intellectual achievements, in the significant, and not merely arbitrary dramatic form chosen is a difficult undertaking, and we leave it to the reader to judge the success of the attempt.

THE SUPER-ICARUS

"Swift, through some trap mine eyes have never found,
Dim-panelled in the painted scene of Sleep,
Thou, giant Harlequin of Dreams, dost leap
Upon my spirit's stage. Then Sight and Sound,
Then Space and Time, then Language, Mete and Bound,
And all familiar Forms that firmly keep
Man's reason in the road, change faces, peep
Betwixt the legs and mock the daily round.
Yet thou can'st more than mock—sometimes my tears
At midnight break through bounden lids — a sign
Thou hast a heart; and oft my little leaven
Of dreams-taught wisdom works me better years.
In one night witch, saint, trickster, fool divine,
I think thou'rt Jester in the Court of Heaven."

Sidney Lanier.

I

The afternoon wears on. With the silence of death the lengthening shadows steal across the houses and melt into the deeper darkness — like a transit of Venus. The fleeting forms and muffled shadows lend a mystery to the gathering dusk. The antique buildings and ancient cathedrals, with their storied windows and grotesque figures become peculiarly impressive in the autumnal twilight. I wander on, fascinated by the melancholy suggestiveness of the scene. Enveloped by silence and loneliness, I sense the presence of the great unknown. I stop and gaze upon a solemn cathedral as it lifts its spires into the multicolored effects of the sky, distilled from the crucible of the infinite by some heavenly alchemy. The rose window, limned with the dust of ages, adds a remote

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dignity to the dissolving forms of flying buttresses and marble images. . . .

I wander on in the gathering gloom. The mournful leaves swirl about like ghosts of souls that are no more. The tongues of flame flicker from the crucible of the sun and finger the cosmos, and sink again into the crater — and night draws on. Only the trees sigh, and the flitting phantoms wearily drag their fading feet through the murmuring leaves. Momentarily, a synagogue is illumined in the red glow, like a city in Hell, and then dissolves into a hazy vapor. . . .

I wonder at the meaning of it all. . . . These forms and remnants of an ancient culture whisper the pathos of time — the doom of dissolution in eternity. Vastness, remoteness and inscrutible mystery! These forms of crystalized conception softened in the nimbus of twilight melancholy — these too will pass away! Dust to Dust! . . . Ah, well! we are all engulfed in the vortex of time —

the recession of the tidal wave of civilization.

I roam the unreal streets. I mark the debris of life that lists in the trough of even this remnant of civilization's soul. . . . The darkness thickens and clots, and still I roam the silent streets, stricken with the nameless vacancy that forebodes the doom of death.

The moon gleams misty through the deepening fog, and stillness grows apace. The sinister night blends its monster breathing with the wail of the surf, the eerie shout of the sea osprey, and the sour smell of humanity. The languor of autumn and the luxury of the exotic day are no more.

Out of the murk of the night, into the abysm of the gloating darkness above, a tremulous cry arises — a child in plaintive tone echoes the cry of the night wind — and suffering humanity trembles on the threshold of mystery. But the voice of Eternity is dumb. The stolid sphinx

sardoncially grins, and Buddha winks his third eye. A phantom rises from the repining surf, and like a pall, the drifting veil of mist lays its baleful mantle over the town. The swish of the sea and the murk of the night cling like mud.

The ashy sadness freezes me. . . . I look into the depths. . . . The clouds gather, and the stars close their eyes. . . . I shiver. . . . The cold rain begins to fall. . . . By a curious perversity I seek refuge in the Café, returning to the rabble like a dog to his vomit, and try to drown my wretchedness in smoke and thick vapors, and the scream of the violin. . . .

My mind reverts to the *Inferno* — and I curse Strindberg, the maniac, and laugh at Nietzsche, the insane. My God! . . . That I might only drift into the purple dreams of a nocturne of Chopin! . . . That I could once more steep myself in one of Millet's peasants! . . . Damn Strauss! . . . I am super-

saturated with the noisome ferments rising from the decay of *dead souls!* . . . I long for the days when I worshipped Emerson and imitated Walt Whitman. . . .

I retrace my soul's metamorphosis. Oh! it was all very clear! — natural steps in the unfolding of a Superman. Theological dogmatism, then Paine and Ingersoll, and with them Agnosticism, followed Atheism, then Mysticism and Buddhism. Then Schopenhauer and Pessimism — and Nietzsche and the *Ubermensch!* . . . I was a Superman! Even now I could hear the Raven-croakings of the souls whom I had condemned to incessant suffering. . . . Yes, I was a Superman — I had been *beyond good and evil*, I, myself had suffered intensely and silently, as a Superman should — I had followed Oscar Wilde and sounded all the depths of *De Profundis*. I could relate a tale, though told by an idiot, that would make Baudelaire and Verlaine seem like mere literature,

arouse the jealousy of Machiavelli — Max Stirner would turn over in his grave! . . . What was I now? Where was that Dionysian enthusiasm that chanted of suffering, sang of the *Will to Power*, and echoed *Thus Spake Zarathustra!* . . . Like Shelley, beating the luminous void in vain? I reflected that I would at least make a good study for Rodin. . . .

With "the philosopher with a hammer," I strove to demolish creeds, convictions, and sentiment. But instead of shaking the world of tradition, I had only ruptured the delicate mechanism of my own mentality. Like a soulless monster, a philosophic Frankenstein, I sought revenge — but the scales were already tipping in favor of Nemesis. . . . This brought the terrible subject up — it tormented me day and night — *The Everlasting Return!* Damn Nietzsche! — I wonder if it's true? . . .

II

Out of the rain and the night, into the noise-suffused café of dim lights, came a man. The pale, peering face surveyed the riotous scene in a dazed manner. . . . The gleaming eyes searched out a corner, and the man came toward me. His eyes encountered mine, and a ray of relation passed between us. I thought of a remark of Carlyle in speaking of De Quincey, "This man has been in Hell." With eyes that might have belonged to a somnambulist, and a shaggy face gauged with lines that reminded me of stony cliffs chiseled into by the weathering agencies, and the general appearances of some bohemian Jew — I was interested in the personality behind the mask.

My friend seated himself beside me with a weary sigh — yet I could not but be struck

with his air of triumph, the conquering gleam of a dreamer with the will to power to objectify his titanic conceptions. I might best describe that evidently intellectual man by stating that he wore a countenance characterized by an "absorbed pain." But tonight he was drunk with the nectar of the gods. . . .

"A bad night," he observed in an abstract way.

"Yes, one might suppose that the heavens weep in pity for humanity," I replied.

"Such speech might come from one who has sounded the sea of experience — mostly the shoals." — This with a penetrating glance.

"I have played upon all the chords of that sensitive lyre, the soul, but it seems that only discord arises where the musician plays from the notes of experience."

"Life is a delicate instrument . . . humanity has but sounded the minor chords . . .

but the music of the future is supended in the air above, awaiting the master hand that is to bring it into being."

This irritated me, and I ejaculated:

"You say that with the air of a prophet — but what is your justification? For myself, I early in life had such illusions dispelled. . . . I may be wrong. . . ."

"My friend, have you ever trembled with the kinetic infinitudes of thought which you think might have come from above? As you see, I am all a-tremble with the weight of an overwhelming discovery. I must release the tension. . . . The world must know in time, anyway. — You invite me to make you my first confidant."

This speech was delivered in that solicitous tone which always reminds me of the clergyman who kindly asks you about your welfare and your "soul salvation." I replied in no uncertain terms —

"Do you know to whom you speak? May

not such confidence prove the worse to you? It is for the best that you enlist into your cause one whom popes have named, 'The Antichrist,' and who to society at large has been the shatterer of idols, a pagan, an iconoclast who preaches the Superman, and is the foe of illusion!"

"Then you are the one whom I would first convert. I greet you Herr Feuerberg. . . . I am Max Minnette."

"What mystery is this you utter?"

"Know then — I have, like Orpheus, descended into the very depths of Hades, and wrung, like him, by the magic of genius, the soul of beauty from the crucible of suffering and brought it into light. I have snatched the suspended music of the future from the ether! I am the master hand. . . . I bring into the realm of consciousness the most ravishing music, the sublimest harmonies, the cosmic symphonies, the music of the crystal spheres, and the overtones of struggling, suf-

fering humanity, in the most marvelous invention of the century!"

The eyes of the fiend burned with the submerged fires of a demon. I reflected. . . . My duty is clear. . . . Was I not "the philosopher with a hammer?" Society is cumulative disillusionment — hence it is a vast tragedy. I would do in a night what society would do in a longer time, and with more precision. I would dispel the illusions of this incarnation of the absolute!

"Once I was as you are now, my friend, though younger than you then, and like yourself, I entered life with the spirit of Brand — ever higher, the determination to storm the very gates of heaven — though we differ in the method of accomplishing such an end. Man is a bridge, I said, he is but a mean between the worm and the Man-god. . . . That was long ago. . . . Now, like a disembodied Manfred, I roam the face of the globe. . . . In the solitary silence of my

eminence I look abroad the desolate path of life, I look into the depths of the profound abyss above — I have no choice — I scorn the "incorrigible mob of humanity," cursing, toiling, hating, striving and love-deluded — I am despondent of any advance, progress is illusion — so I retire into the ruins of a once magnificant temple, and here I dwell amidst the crumbling edifices and decaying ruins, which cast their deep shadows across the kingdom of the mind — I am dumb with the mystery of it all."

. . . "Come, let us go! Why should I describe what can be directly experienced. You have long sought an answer to the spiritual riddle of the sphinx — tonight, it is given you to realize what the dreams of your youth idealized. The subtlest mystic, as well as the grossest materialist, will faint in the spiritual ecstacies of the dream-tones which no Wagner ever conceived of."

Indeed, it seemed to me, I was on the

verge of some new wonder. Here is an original specimen for Lombroso. Perhaps another Gambara — or a Strauss! Absolute Music! Shades of Pythagoras!

We left the café. . . . I to meet the most tremendous experience ever dealt out to man — Minnette to the precipitous fall of a soaring soul, crushed at the base of the crag of disillusionment. As we left, I recalled the greatest truth ever uttered by man, "For illusionment, you know, is the stimulating principle," and I wished that Ibsen had spoken to me earlier in life.

We hesitated before plunging into the rain and darkness. — We sallied forth; I at the side of the quick and nervous Minnette. On the way we were silent, each busy with his own thoughts — I, wondering at this strange personality, with his dominant manner, yet simple and childlike faith, his eccentricities, wild eyes and mystic manner — was he a mere dreamer, or a poor, deluded poet gone daffy over his art?

After a few minutes' walk we came to a side street, filthy and dark; and turning down this narrow street, we stopped before an old but rather attractive house — attractive because of the melancholy beauty associated with all ruins — and which Minnette chose to call his home. He led the way up two flights of stairs that groaned their ancient troubles to the darkness as we passed over them. At the last landing the apostle of the absolute threw open a door hanging on rust-encrusted hinges, as I judged by the whining which echoed down the dark hallway into the saturnine silence of the alley without.

I stumbled through the doorway into the room. Minnette switched on an electric light which flooded the room with subdued brilliancy — and at the same time, surprised me greatly. The room, for the most part, was bare and decidedly chilly. In one corner stood an old walnut bedstead,

which seemed to be the only valuable article in the whole room. Between the two windows was a work-bench upon which were scattered about all kinds of tools, wheels, gears, pieces of metal, springs and lenses, besides the electric apparatus and all the rest of the paraphernalia dear to the heart of the experimenter. Above this bench a shelf was bracketed on the wall, and upon this shelf a number of books were to be found. I took in all these details in a sweep, and then turned my attention to what was of most importance, and what was evidently the object of our visit.

In the center of the room was a large table, on the top of which was some large body, evidently a machine of some sort, covered with an oil-soaked piece of silk. The whole floor was littered up with shavings and filings of all kinds. This was all there was to be seen in the room, which had the general appearances of some junk shop so popular

with the younger generation of mechanical dabblers, and which proves the "death" of so many tidy housewives.

At this point in my observations, Minnette, having deposited our outer garments on the bed, offered me a dilapidated chair and apologized for the lack of fire.

"You see, I only had a limited sum of money for my experiments, and I needed it all, so that I cannot afford fuel — besides, that is superfluous, for I never notice the cold when at work."

To bring him back to the purpose of the visit, I suggested:

"Don't you think you had better begin at the beginning, and tell me what started you on your invention, what its purpose is, and how it is accomplished — what is absolute music?"

"I will not burden you with the story of my life, nor go into my past history; but rather start with that period in my life when

I became interested in the study of vibration and its relation to consciousness."

"Oh, Lord!" I exclaimed, "are you another of those oriental mystics pulsating with ethereal vibrations? I have heard them all — I am sick of them!"

"Please hear my story out!" Minnette retorted. "My theories of consciousness were stimulated by, and, indeed, are the direct outgrowth of the electron theory of the physicist. I suppose I always did lean more or less to the mystical view of life; even as a youth I reveled in the dreamland of metaphysics. My ideas were crystalized by a study of eastern thought, and it was not long before I became absorbed in the idea that states of consciousness are merely rates of vibration, the lower the vibratory state the feebler the consciousness of the individual.

"I worked out the general principle that there are two phases of reality, which includes beauty — besides the external forms

recognized by the sense organs, there is, in the inner reality, the mind, the other phase of it, and without both there can be no beauty."

"That is rather a trite conclusion — almost as old as philosophy itself; besides, Locke long ago dispelled the idea of innate ideas," I remarked.

Minnette deigned no reply.

"I studied every phase; I carried on a vast number of experiments to prove or disprove my theories. I repeated all the classical experiments of sound. I extended Tyndall's experiments with the flame; I supplemented Chaldini's experiments with vibrating plates and sand figures — in fact, I believe that the universe is built upon vibrations. It is nothing but vibrations."

"Your attempts are nothing but a repetition of the experiments of the alchemists. You are a modern Paracelsus, I see. Had you but taken to heart the lesson of Brown-

ning's masterpiece, instead of devouring Balzac, you would have avoided much useless effort, I am sure. Browning's hero, I believe, finds that absolute knowledge is unattainable."

"You ridicule the alchemists — does not modern science confirm their belief? More than that, I claim to have discovered the secret of the transmutation of metals! As for Balzac, he was a seer, as far above your intellect as you claim to be above the rabble. You remember the moral of 'William Wilson?' — 'thou hast murdered thy better self!' My path is the only one to the attainment of the Superman."

"Take care, you would be another Dr. Jekyll? The ancient alchemist, you remember, by means of chemicals, tried to transmute the baser metals into the perfect or 'virtuous' metals — but he failed. The professional taste of Dr. Jekyll led him to make a similar attempt with the human

being. He conceives the idea of a drug that by means of some mental alchemy, will transmute his baser personality into the higher and purer side, and being successful in his experiments, only comes to discover that the worm, *the conqueror worm*, has turned. The liberated being becomes a Mr. Hyde — a malevolent, misshapen creature with passions as evil as they are violent. Man, at bottom, is still brute; he is selfish and cruel. We are all Frankensteins. We all have our Mr. Hydes, who like Frankenstein, the soulless monster lacking the 'Promethean fire' which makes man a 'spiritual being,' only lives to pursue us from sea to sea . . . yet we can not escape. Like Jekyll, we are relentlessly followed by the implacable vengeance of our evil genius!"

I delivered this bit of philosophy, the culmination of a lifetime of experience in disillusionment, with the confidence that became a Superman. I was happiest when

most miserable, for then my convictions were confirmed. But my opponent was not so easily vanquished.

"It is useless for you to try to convince one whose beliefs are fortified by experience — as infallible a guide as any theory nursed into being for libidic reasons, or which are a poetic perversion of intellectual maschism. Your ideas are the result of experience misinterpreted. . . . But hear me through!

"My invention is constructed on the mathematical principle of number. Number, in the last analysis, is the underlying principle of all beauty. As someone says, music is a kind of sensual mathematics. 'God Geometrizes,' has been my lever.

"What is music? It is simply the science of rhythmical variations in a certain series of vibrations — the mathematical cadences of tones, and tones themselves are vibrations. The more overtones the more beautiful the harmonies. Absolute music is the music that

has an infinity of overtones of supplementary vibrations. To secure this infinity of overtones it is necessary to run the whole scale of vibrations from zero to infinity.

"Space and time are figments of the human mind; to the cosmic consciousness they do not exist; to one who hears the music of the absolute, matter reverts back to the ether and becomes merely a mode of motion. The fundamental principles of physics are but derivatives of the principles of mind, as someone says. The physical universe is an illusion. Therein lies the purpose of my invention — to raise the mentality through the inductive principle of absolute music on the vibratory scale of consciousness to that plane where space and time and matter cease to exist!

"What does that mean? Simply that the soul, liberated from the periphery of bodily attraction, will soar to heights now unknown, probe the infinitudes of space to the anti-

podes of the ether. Yes, this and more I claim for my invention. We will rise higher and higher through the series of finer zones to the very throne of the Godhead. We will be God Himself! This is absolute music!"

This last phrase would have thrown me into convulsions of laughter, had it not paralyzed me for a moment. "We will be God Himself!" Uttered with that intense enthusiasm which precludes insincerity, I asked myself, is this man *absolutely* insane?

III

I am now surprised at the abruptness of the course of events as they happened, the irrational succession of thoughts — momentary flashes of thought from some deep abyss, as it were. Held against my will, I could not flee from this Ancient Mariner. There seemed a deeper meaning and understanding beneath the whole, taken for granted on both sides, so that what was spoken seemed often disconnected. In many cases I anticipated his thought, and recognized in Minnette stages in my own personality, or rather development, resemblances to thoughts which I had considered as unworthy of conscious belief, and thus suppressed them.

Here I interposed:

"Your theories are all very fine, my ecstatic friend, and they bespeak their oriental origin, but have you ever considered that

nature abhors an absolute as much as she does a vacuum? The universe is ever becoming. Any attempt on the part of man to attain to any thing absolute directly, and without undergoing the laborious evolutionary processes of becoming, is rigidly opposed by nature. Always remember that Man and Nature are diametrically opposed. If man were to attain to any thing absolute the truth that is an end in itself and not relative, then the world would melt into a placid sea of quiescence; motion, progress and evolution would cease, decay and stagnation would result. Strife is the father of all things, as Heraclitus says. At best I can only believe in a Becoming Absolute."

"Here you are inconsistent. The fact that mind and matter are opposed denies their identical nature, which you, as a materialistic monist, assert. Besides, you take the wrong view of the relation of Man and Nature. The true philosophy. . . ."

"But why is it —," here I stopped, struck for the first time, with the absurdity of the whole proceedings. Really! a Superman becoming heated in a discussion of the absolute! — Nietzsche versus Tagore!

Evidently seeing that I was becoming fatigued with his idle vaporings, Minnette changed his mode of attack. He walked over to the table, and with a loving touch removed the covering from the machine beneath. With a gleam of supreme triumph, Minnette presented it for my inspection.

The whole thing seemed a meaningless arrangement of lenses and intricate meshes of wires connecting all sorts of coils, transformers, solenoids and what-not.

The most conspicuous part of the whole apparatus was a crystal sphere that was, apparently, translucent and seemed to be made of a substance resembling magnetic spar. The entire surface of this globe was alive with phosphorescing lights, as if it

screened millions of scintillating stars. The lights seemed to hesitate and tremble with desire, and I felt that if the globe were to revolve those nascent colors would be released, and palpitating with joy in their new found freedom, would radiate in perfect clusters of suffusion.

"I have stolen a march on nature; I have won a victory that can not be denied me. It is a great gift to humanity. Music is the basis of human development, as Plato intimated. My music inspires ideas beyond the sensual world; it nullifies the laws of matter in making one superior to them. I make several claims for this invention. Of course, you know, I claim to produce absolute music by means of it. At the same time, this apparatus makes it possible to create and transform vibrations in such a manner that one can apprehend physical sensation, ordinarily translated into consciousness through the sense organs, and

directly convey them to the mind. Thus it is possible for anyone deficient in any of the senses to communicate with any phase of reality, ordinarily denied them because of their limitation, by means of this step-up transformer. Thus, the blind may see, and the deaf hear, and so forth. Furthermore, sense experience will be correlated and coalesce in such a manner that we can see sounds, hear colors and so on.

"On the other hand, while physical sensations will be raised to the plane of the psychical by means of vibrations, the mental plane can be elevated to the extent that the elusive 'thing-in-itself' becomes a direct experience. But we need not stop here. It makes it possible to attain cosmic consciousness by bringing the super-physical realms down to man's plane — we shall then become as gods.

"By tuning himself through the machine with another person, direct transmission of thought is possible, without the use of a

lower medium of transmission. But not only will it be possible to communicate with man directly, but man will attune himself to the plane of lower forms of life and thus experience their psychic life.

"Nor do we need to stop here. On the material side there is the possibility of overcoming gravity and chemical affinity. As you probably know, all phenomena of this universe are undulatory in nature, are but modes of motion of the substratum of matter. Being so, all we need to do is overcome the lower forms of vibration with the higher, and as electricity overcomes chemical affinity, so a higher state of vibration can overcome gravity. The range of the machine makes it possible to create any of those high-frequency rays of light, as the 'N' ray or the 'Lavendar' ray, so popular with pseudo-scientific writers, by means of which that vast storehouse of intra-atomic energy is liberated. The energy of the sunlight will

be transmuted into electricity directly, thus opening up a whole universe of power. . . . The conquest of the stars will cease to be a dream.

"I believe my invention will extend its beneficial influence into all phases of existence. It will abolish war, its utility in agriculture is unlimited, while its regenerative rays will heal the sick and revivify the old and decrepit. It is the philosopher's stone realized, the alchemists dream objectified.

"The working of the machine depends upon an ingenious mechanism whereby it receives mechanical impulses transmitted by electricity from such devices as selenium coils, and tuning forks, that correspond to human eyes and ears. The machine consists essentially of a series of metal disks having a certain number of insulating segments in their peripheries, the disks arranged to revolve at a fixed speed, and silver-tipped

brushes situated in a position to bear upon the contacts of the revolving disks. The method of obtaining undamped vibrations, so far as sound is concerned, is through electro-magnetism. I have worked out this principle by means of a mechanism whereby a current of electricity is sent through a series of magnets, by pressing certain keys, and the strings are caused to vibrate in perfect synchronism.

"Pure music is produced when each string vibrates without coming in contact with any mechanical device, and thus an absolutely pure and sustained tone is emitted. When one group of tones forming a chord is superimposed upon another the harmony of the two blending tones is simply entrancing.

"To protect the apparatus from the destructive effects of the high frequency, I sought for a substance similar to zircorundum in its non-conductive powers, only that it was impervious to heat and not subject to

disintegration by radiation. This I have found.

"I have also invented a transformer that transforms light from a low order in the vibratory activity to an exceedingly high state. This instrument transforms vibrations from beyond the ultra-violet light into that vast expanse of energy labeled 'unknown' in the scientific tables today. Thus I have secured a universal range from zero to infinity; from the relative to the absolute.

"A delicate, intricate mass of fine wires made of a new chemical composition, but which resembles uranium in some respects, is affected by ether waves of a certain intensity which can be transformed into intelligible images by means of the series of appliances which you see before you, but which you would not understand without explanation. This screen acts as a mirror by means of which music, art, forms and so forth, can be made intelligible to those lacking in the

proficiency of any of the sense organs. The masterpiece of the whole thing is this translucent globe. . . ."

Minnette volunteered no information about it, but I observed that it was evidently related to the seven disks with concentric circles of perforations, which were connected with a microphone and amplifiers.

"I will not go into the details of this machine but the few principles I have enunciated will serve as analogies for all the phases. I need only say that it is the most delicate and sensitive mechanism in existence.

"The theory in a broad form is simply this: Every equilibrium of nature is sensitive to some appropriate excitant. The most violent thunderclap will not set up a vibration in a tuning fork, but a very slight sound of a proper period will suffice to set it in motion, and the tuning fork is said to vibrate in sympathy. Everything has its keynote, including man. It is only necessary to find

the keynote and then use this period of vibration in its proper amplitude and intensity to bridge over the gap between these primary forms and secondary forms, through these transformers, and the problem is solved."

With something of reverence and awe, Minnette threw on a switch, and, then hesitating a moment, pressed a button. . . .

There was little harmony, but pure melody — billowy and rhythmical. . . . From silence to basic tones the music mounted. Pure and continuous was the blend. . . . The volume was such that it must surely set the stars a-quiver.

Tone was volatilized into dazzling colors of shimmering incandescence that radiated in undulations inducing such a palpitating joyousness, delight and glory, that one almost fainted in the voluptuous streams of flowing melody. One was plunged into a gamut of sensations, an orgy of experience. . . .

The plaint of the primeval surged into the

consciousness from some deep abyss. . . . Music, wild and woody, elusive as the rippling streams, of playing fountains, misty valleys and the thundering oceans. . . . A vast sea of music as flowing from some cosmic cataract, billowing in foam-lipped symphonies, succeeding each other in rhythmic cadence. Fire-tipped and sublimated, the vast sea of ether adumbrations induced successive moods, and one felt as though a million struggling egos were striving for release to mount like Icarus the empyrean and melt into the sun. The ashes of antiquity flared up in the myriad fire-spheres of phoenix-thoughts; scenes of long forgotten woes, like a panorama of the drama of humanity, passed in review. Ancestral wailings, sorrows, joys, struggles, battles, despairs — like electric oscillations I felt as though torn by a thousand counter-tendencies.

It seemed as though the symphonies would sound the very gates of heaven, and pluck

from the Almighty Himself the secret of the Sphinx.

Each individual tone trembled and reverberated, and seemed to dance in synchronism. Any number of echoes, chimes and tremulo effects were secured. . . .

One witnessed the battle of atoms, and heard the pent up cry of travailing nature's buried secrets. It seemed as though the sounds and colors polarized themselves in the very roots of being, and one felt a union with every form and substance of the universe. I stood at the antipodes of the universe and knew the secrets of the nebula, I heard the groaning of eons, the diapasonic cataclysms of solar systems, the sybillic chaunts of agonized nature, antediluvian forms, the hidden world of plants, the cry of crystals and the acid-flame of minerals — all dissolved in the scream of evolutionary desire running from the planetary slime to the music of the spheres.*

*"Melomaniacs" by James Huneker.

Mounting the scale of infinity with Hertzian pulsatility, I was surely bathed in the Roentgen rays of cosmic consciousness, as I listed in the trough, and, like driftwood in the tide of music's ethereal seas, swooned with the music.

With bewildering rapidity emotions supplanted one another — love, hate, joy, anger, passion, fear and religious frenzy. Immersed in a sea of thoughts and phantasies, the inspiration of a Shakespeare, the titanism of a Beethoven or a Michael Angelo, the suffering of a Prometheus, the gloom of a Poe, and the abstraction of a Newton — all in turn were mine.

But as it mounted, the music became, to me, more dissonant, and a series of discords, screeches, noises and harsh disagreeabilities tore me from all directions. Like the rasping of files and the boring of teeth, the tones ripped into my being and reverberated as though they would tear my eyes from their sockets.

Madness seized me and I screamed and raved, and vomited the froth that evidenced the inner conflict. As the grinding point of a dentist's needle tears into the living nerve, these repercussions shattered me. With one supreme effort I felt I could clutch the universe in hatred and destroy all in my agony. Something snapped — the world whirled round in reeling drunkenness . . . and all was inky black.

IV

The return of "consciousness" came like the fall of snow — silent and unobtrusive. In the silence that was tangible, and a twilight fraught with potentialities, where the radiance glows ghostly in the shadowy shapes of symbolisms, I heard the vespers plotting, and felt the "beating of the wings of the time spirit." Again the curtain arose . . . and I took the discussion where it had broken off —

"You don't seem to be aware of the Principle of Relativity, which is so profoundly modifying our views of the universe. First of all, I might say, your apparatus can never accomplish anything approaching the absolute, whatever your understanding of that may be. Motion, or modes of motion, of any kind, but particularly that resulting from mechanical apparatus, is produced through

friction, and without friction motion is impossible. The presence of such a relative thing in the attainment of the absolute is incompatible with the notions of the unconditioned. You are simply guilty of a new form of the old fallacy of the Perpetual Emotionalists.

"On the other hand, I shall prove that it is the very Principle of Relativity that supports my doctrine. Now . . ."

"Wait a minute! Let me argue on your own ground. It seems to me that you stand in about the same position that Kant did with his Categorical Imperatives. You, I suppose, are familiar with the accusation launched at the German Idealism which makes man the measure of all things. With the romanticism of a Goethe you are athirst for the universal experience to which all mankind falls heir. Now then, in you I find the reflex of Kant's subjective Idealism: Man is a microcosm, an epitome of the

universe, in the sense that mind is the criterion of reality. The ego is the mirror, or rather searchlight, of the universe. In the Agnosticism of the 'Critique of Pure Reason,' as it reappears in Nietzsche, lies the germ of the preference for illusion which culminates in the subjective limitation of consciousness to the extent of Egotism. It is that same spirit found throughout German philosophy, that individualism which asserts the supremacy of the ego as the incarnation of the absolute, that transcendentalism which in Schopenhauer appears as Will, and in Hegel, Fichte and Leibniz, in other forms — it is that Absolute Idealism that has afforded the counter-philosopher the weapon to attack the absolute and denounce such a philosophy in action as 'a double assault upon mankind.' *

"Yours is nothing but Fichte's Trancendental Ego with a baptism of Orientalism. That I fall into the same category is not to the

*"Egotism in German Philosophy," by Santayana.

point. I glory in my conquests. But I say that your philosophy in the hands of the *Ubermensch* ultimately results in social cataclysms. . . ."

"The criticism you have just echoed rather proves 'the mark of immaturity, inexperience and limited vision' of the critic himself, than of the philosophy he presumes to criticize. The trouble lies in the fact that you have not viewed the thing through the aspect of eternity, as Whitman would say.

"Like many others, you have failed to see the significance of the present struggle. The philosophy which 'summons all nature to minister to self' is capable of dual interpretation. Is it not strange to you that Emerson — as much an Individualist as either Schopenhauer or Nietzsche — should have drawn inspiration from Eastern philosophy, the same source from which Schopenhauer drew, and still have arrived at such a saner line of thought and conduct? Don't you know

that Nietzsche was strongly influenced by Emerson?

"Yet you have fallen into the same limitation, 'the only sin,' made the same mistake that Nietzsche did. His conception of the Superman is altogether off. . . .

"Man, according to Aristotle, is a political animal. Since times immemorial men have sought to understand themselves in their relation to their fellow man. Humanity as a social system involves complex relations between the individual and the abstract unity which we call the state. The relations existing between the two, and the prerogatives of either are the problems with which we are now concerned.

"Plato believes of man, as the alchemist believed of minerals that there is some 'virtue' which can be nourished to perfection in its resemblances to archetypal forms. But, as you know, Plato's beliefs may be summed up in the statement that the state is supreme in

power, and the individual is subordinate to the state. There is one point in Plato that bears thought, and that is the emphasis laid upon the individual — that the character of man appears in the state unchanged. In other words: no individual determinism without state determinism, the Bible to the contrary, notwithstanding. One important conclusion may be drawn from *The Republic:* Plato could not outline an ideal state except for an ideal people.

"When the theory of the Conservation and Correlation of Energy was formulated, Youmans suggested that all forces, social, intellectual, will force and physical force should be correlated into one system which 'must be of the profoundest import in relation to these great subjects.' He says, 'The forces manifested in the living organism are of the most varied and unlike character, mechanical, thermal, luminous, electric, chemical, nervous, sensory, emotional and intellectual. That

these forces are perfectly co-ordinated — that there is some definite relation among them which explains the marvelous dynamic unity of the living organism, does not admit of question. More and more we are perceiving that the conditions of humanity and the progress of civilization are the direct resultant of the forces by which men are controlled.'

"The principle factor in human life is consciousness. All problems of philosophy, all theories, and all social systems must recognize this fundamental fact of consciousness — in that we are but a higher form of animal, differentiated chiefly from the lower forms by a higher form of consciousness.

"Several axioms, postulates, or general principles, become necessary at this point, and may be stated as follows:

(*a*) The universe tends to arrange itself into smaller units possessing relatively independant unity of motion, as Paulsen says. In the physical world these units arrange

themselves into molecules, atoms and electrons; in the organic world this fact is manifested in the tendency to resolve living bodies into smaller units, as cells, etc. But, and here is an important point, in the mental and social world this tendency is not working in the direction of the formation of smaller units, but of larger ones.

(*b*) Society is the sum of these individual units.

(*c*) Any phenomenon of collective units is potential in, and arises from causes found latent in these individual units.

(*d*) Consciousness is a gradual development in which mind tends toward a higher degree of development.

(*e*) That the Will to Live is inherent in the individual, and not caused by an external factor.

(*f*) That continuity, 'the scientific watchword,' implies that mind is latent or potential in all forms of nature; that it is potential in

the ether, unconscious in minerals and plants, that it manifests itself as a group soul in animals, and becomes self-conscious in man.

"In the lowest forms of consciousness, the unconscious existence, it is the Will to Consciousness that initiates that striving impulse in nature. Change, the principle of Becoming, is the resultant of desire — the Will to Experience.

"According to Leibniz, every monad in the universe is a center of force, and it is this dynamical view of nature that constitutes his main advance beyond the monism of Spinoza. Even Haeckel leans toward the view that the atoms have their likes and dislikes — thus placing the Ultima Thule of Science in a psychical realm. Schopenhauer and later Nietzsche defined this psychical entity whose striving initiates motion as Will.

"In the higher forms of consciousness, as found in the lower animals, where the survival of the fittest is the paramount factor, the

Will to Live is the animating principle. In the still higher (self-conscious) unity the Will to Power enters as in the determining factor.

"In trying to remedy the ills of society one must look to the individual for improvement. We have hitherto approached the problem from the wrong direction. Before we can have an ideal society we must have an ideal man. The Will to Power is the activating principle in man — it is the acme of ambition. It must go before we can realize the next step in evolution. Man's selfishness, which is the outgrowth of self-consciousness, is the root of all social evil — for the state is the sum of the individual units.

"It was made clear that each step of progress has been assured through the extension of consciousness. In widening the degree and scope of consciousness we have risen in the scale of living forms, and have, to some extent, thus dominated nature. It is plain, therefore, that any future advance will be due to still

greater developments of consciousness. For lack of a better, we will accept Kant's dictum that good is that principle which can be put into universal application as a maxim. This, in itself, implies an extension of consciousness beyond the non-ego. Democracy, as defined by Edward Carpenter, is 'the rule of the mass-man in the unit-man.'

"Such a doctrine is exactly opposed to the Nietzschean doctrine of the Superman. The Superman can not be the embodiment of the inflated ego. On the other hand, the Superman is the Cosmic Man. Selfishness is not the attribute of the Superman. Our natural method, therefore, of solving social problems is the extension of consciousness beyond the present limitations; the ultimate form being cosmic consciousness. Such a consciousness is already present in a minor degree in some individuals. We note its presence in Tom Paine, who says, 'The world is my country; to do good my religion.'

"But in the coarsest and meanest of us such an expression is not altogether wanting. Somewhere in evolution, in the multitudinous mutations of life, this factor has been introduced, and its presence is not unnoticed or unfelt. We see Man opposed to Nature — subduing and conquering her with that ingenuity that has mastered Nature's secrets to the composition of the stars, and the formulation of laws which make predictions possible.

"The electron of the physicist, the smallest unit of matter, is to be regarded as a force-center, or stress in the ether of space. The phenomenal appearances of nature are attributes of the ultimate reality, the substratum of matter. These force-centers must be polarized individualizations of the underlying reality of nature, whether you choose to call it mind or matter — it really amounts to the same thing, as the Pragmatists indicate. Further, these force-centers require some agency to prevent the individuals from merg-

ing into one. Force, to be real, requires two factors; it implies resistence, and it is the interaction between these two factors which underlies rhythm and Spencer's Persistence of Force.

"The Will is the root principle of all creative activity. Cosmic will is gravitation — poets name it love. Will is magnetism, chemical affinity, electricity crystalized into matter. Will is the stress of consciousness. Universal Will or Consciousness is God, hence the striving toward cosmic consciousness.

"It is consciousness seeking consciousness, however blindly, throughout all nature that originates all activity, motion and evolution. The desire for consciousness is the universal generator of forms. But this striving impulse involves a purposive impulse, the Will to Experience, in which the specific forms are predisposed to develop in a definite direction, due to the Will which manifests itself as the creator of forms.

"Man has a personal and an impersonal nature. A thing cannot be at war with itself, or the thing from which it has arisen. Conflict implies a disagreement, an opposition of forces — in this case, of Man and Nature. The impersonal nature as the retarding factor is Nature. The other factor is the urge of the Becoming God in us. As man is the product of nature, yet an opponent who has sought to subdue this universal mother, we can not but believe it is something higher, finer, an immanent idea as the yeast of consciousness, which has led to this conflict with brute nature — which has given this impetus to advancement.

"The persistence of force in the physical realm, if carried ever into the social universe, becomes the Cosmic Urge — the progressive principle of humanity as the expression of the Becoming Absolute acting in ourselves in opposition to the impersonal nature. Reality is not a closed series, but the phenomenal

universe reveals itself as we expand, and when we have, in the Unity of the Infinite, attained the Being Absolute, the Spirit of the Universe, then we will directly experience the Thing-in-itself.

"In so far as Socialism helps us to realize and respect the not-me, the man next to us, it promotes the attainment of the universal consciousness for which Walt Whitman so nobly wrought. It is necessary for the national unit, the state, to realize the world-consciousness and subdue the national consciousness before permanent peace can be assured. How true it is that wisdom is crystalized suffering!

"The state is the sum of the individuals. As surely as magnetism is the sum of the forces circulating around the individual atoms, as surely as gravity is the sum-total of the stress-centers creating a tension throughout infinite space, just so surely is the state the sum-total of the individual wills.

"Nietzsche's condemnation of Socialism because it would prevent, in his estimation, the advent of the Superman, is unjust. Egotism is a mark of immaturity and limitation; it betrays a myopic, ego-centered insight. In the future man will come to understand that his quarrel is not with society, foreign nations, which to him represent the incarnation of his impersonal self, or with external forces, but that his conquest lies in the subduing of the inner nature common to all men.

"As Carpenter says in 'Civilization: Its Cause and Cure,' 'We find ourselves to-day in the midst of a somewhat peculiar state of society, which we call civilization, which even to the most optimistic among us does not seem altogether desirable. Some of us, indeed, are inclined to think that it is a kind of disease which the various races of man have to pass through. . . .'

"We become Individuals only in so far as we see our relation to the things which sur-

round us — it is the warfare of the clash of interests which gives us conscious individuality. But now we look forward to the refusion of developed Selves into a higher social order. Realized statically, the love-kingdom of the heart is urging dynamically the creation of social structure. Beginning first as Feeling in the individual heart, its progress to realization in social organization (especially on the world-scale) is slow; but ever and again it may be expected to leap forward into manifestation in a 'great individual,' one who will come to be acknowledged as a Master and a Savior.*

"Time, like a mighty stream, flows on. Illumined in the immediate present, we find ourselves a part of this rolling tide of becoming — we touch the immediate realities surrounding us, we absorb the spirit of these realities to some extent, and as we drift, the origin of this coursing tide is lost in the twilight

* "Edward Carpenter," by Edward Lewis.

of the past, and the future is still hid in the mist beyond. We are saturated with the spirit of the waters, we rejoice in the play of the waves — riding the crest of the plunging stream we catch the sunlight in a fleeting moment, and then sink into the trough of the essence of that succession of states which, to us, is time. In the minute whirlpools of this flowing stress the intellect takes its transitory life; in the shrinkage of this universal ocean of consciousness is formed that selfhood which enables the monad to view the realities outside itself. Yet as surely as 'the dewdrop slips into the shining sea,' so this individualization melts back into the unconscious vastness of the absolute.

"Oh, would that we might stand on the shores of the irresistible gulf that emerges from the subterrene twilight of the past to dissolve into the dim mists of the future — would that, as we stood on the brink of this proteus, we might free ourselves from the

phantoms and fleeting realities fraught with illusions all too deeply impressed upon the human mind — and standing thus could survey the depths and infinitudes of pure duration as it passes, and grasp the significance of all the parts of that vaster whole which encompasses All!

"Hitherto, the energies of science were focused on the external world, and the chief occupation of the scientist has been to discover means and instruments to supplement the range and intensity of the physical organs, in order to enlarge his knowledge of the universe without. This, in the long run, is the wrong procedure. 'The proper study of mankind is man' — the universe within. The conquest of space lies in the potentialities of dynamic consciousness, not in the spectroscope.

"The consciousness of self is but a step in or a cross section of that vast expanse of evolution from the lower to the higher. Any expression of any cross section of this flowing

stream is as necessary in the transition from one form to another as is the form itself. Thus, war is the natural expression of a certain stage in the development of consciousness and as we tolerate quarrels in cats and dogs, and puerility and superficiality in child and man respectively so we must recognize selfishness, pugnacity and egotism as a necessary expression before a further advance is possible. Our consolation is found in the fact that where there is the greatest strife and friction there is the greatest advance. The idea of universal brotherhood was not the flower of Greek philosophy, but it only arose in that period of conflict in which nations were pitted against each other, the age of Phillip of Macedon, and Alexander, when men's minds were forced to the consideration of social problems and relations. So will it be in the present age of strife. Thus I assert the absolute and am no misanthropic Superman, either."

"But how do you reconcile the absolute and relative, the finite and the infinite in space and time?"

"There you go to the root of the problem. It is the same old problem that faced Plato and Aristotle. According to Plato, the World Soul of evil differentiates the character of the world of Becoming from the world of Ideas — but how? How are the higher and lower to be reconciled? How is absolute being related to the world of becoming? Plato never thoroughly explained how sensible things 'partake in' the realm of Divine archetypes and eternal forms.

"Nor does Aristotle clear the matter up. Change, according to him, is explained by preceding change, and the chain leads back in an infinite regression with always a change to be explained by its precursor. He accepts the argument that motion is uniform and eternal. This demands a changeless change to account for persistence, thus he arrives at the

'Unmoved Mover' as actual and not potential, and therefore in the best possible condition.

"Now then, if change is the realization of perfection, why, in the infinite past, has not this state of perfection been attained? But since with an eternity behind to work through, the universe of change is still far from being perfect, why should we not say that perfection in no infinite period in the future can be attained?

"We may adopt several attitudes towards this problem. We may say with Spencer that there is an Unknowable residue of problematical stuff that is incapable of solution, or we may take the stand that the author of 'The Philosophy of the Unconditioned' does: 'We believe that in His own nature He is exempt from all relations of time; but we can conceive of Him only by means of ideas and terms which imply temporal relations, a past, a present and a future.' Sir William Hamilton believes that

the Absolute is not a problem to be solved by reason, but a reality to be believed in as though above reason.

"Nor do I think that anyone has as yet solved the problem — though some have come close to it.

"I claim to have solved the problem through the Fourth Dimension. Please throw away your prejudice for a time and don't interrupt me! he commanded with a sweep of the hand.

"Idealism requires some method of reconciling the absolute and relative, God and Nature. I use the term Absolute in the sense of the Unconditioned. To conserve the supreme values of free will, and escape the paradoxes of infinity and eternity, Bergson introduced Duration, which in time, is analogous to the Fourth Dimension in space.

"Universal determinism denies a personal God. Determinism in Psychology leads to Materialism, and the annihilation of free will. This denial eliminates our highest ethical

values; it destroys our source of comfort and hope. These values must be conserved. Philosophic morality is beyond the average man, and in those who do adopt such a guide of conduct, it leads to a code of beyond good and evil which makes man a law unto himself, and sets up a bad example to the mediocre but majority mind, which will then throw over current religious concepts, without the philosophic insight necessary to the substitution of a philosophic code of morals. On this point I am a Pragmatist. As Voltaire says, if there were no God Humanity would create one, and as Ingersoll says, an honest God is the noblest work of man. . . . Yet the demands of reason must be satisfied.

"At the same time, the Electron theory has confirmed Spencer in his Principle of Relativity, and determinism applied to psychology spells the ruin of religion.

"Science avoids the Unconditioned by means of scientific and mathematical concepts

of the infinite, which are not infinite, but merely the extremes of a series extended indefinitely and thus approximating infinity. But religion cannot dodge the problem thus.

"Thus science even bids fair to banish the absolute altogether. In 'The Problems of Science' we have a typical specimen of the Positivism of science to-day. Enriquez would put it in this manner: 'Since there are degrees of relativity, we may claim to reach the end of our infinite series, in order to attain to something which shall no longer have any relative aspect, and which may then properly receive the name absolute.

" 'An infinite series come to an end? It is evident that the proposition is self-contradictory. But this manifest absurdity does not yield in the presence of an illusion that is deeply rooted in the human mind.

" 'We have seen how the wide-spread sophism which says that 'the relative presupposes the absolute,' rests upon a verbal

illusion, that conceals a process of definition wholly devoid of sense.'

"Yet I say that the absolute does not rest upon an illusion. The statement that 'The absolute value of morality, then, signifies nothing but a larger relativity,' contains a subtle sophism which only science is capable of. Even science has its difficulties in reconciling the relativity of motion with the absoluteness of force. But the way of paradoxes is the way of truth. . . ."

V

"For myself, I do not admit the validity of non-Euclidian geometry, or any kind of hyper-space philosophizing. It seems to me the day of Newtonian mechanics of the absoluteness in time and space has passed away. Lorentz and Larmor have exploded your ether absolutions into the unknown. Gravitation itself is included within the scope of relativity. Someone says that the Electron theory is itself a direct application of the principle of relativity."

"We shall see! But let me first remark that the fact that the first suggestion of the fourth dimension came from such thinkers of the magnitude of Kant and Gauss, and that Zollner and Hinton both persisted in transcending the axioms of geometry, as James puts it, and this of itself ought, at least to insure a respectful hearing. . . .

"Do you admit the existence of the ether of space?"

"Yes, I admit it is an hypothesis to explain wave motion in the transmission of light."

"This ether must pervade all space, then, does it not?"

"Yes, so far as space extends."

"But is not space infinite? Remember, we are arguing about what we must accept as fact, regardless of what such conclusions lead to. You certainly admit the infinitude of time — since you are not a Bergsonian. It is now impossible to consider space and time as separate. They are so inter-related that Minkowski felt himself contrained to say that 'from henceforth time by itself and space by itself are mere shadows, that they are only two aspects of a single and indivisible manner of co-ordinating the facts of the physical world.' " *

I began to see that there was method in

*"Relativity and the Electron Theory" by E. Cunningham.

his madness. . . . His memory was astounding.

"Since I agree with Aristotle that our consciousness of time depends upon the perception of motion I admit that space is as infinite as time is eternal."

"Then the ether must be infinite in space?"

"If it were not, nothing would shield us from the 'intolerable blaze of infinity' — except a gap in the ether, which is preposterous."

"Then the law of gravitation must hold throughout infinite time and space?"

"Since matter is eternal, that necessarily follows."

"Also, the ether must have the same properties throughout space?"

"Yes."

"Do you conceive the ether as being continuous or atomic."

"It must be continuous. If atomic it would imply that voids exist between the interstices,

and all physical action would then become action at a distance, which we cannot admit."

"Likewise, it cannot have gravity?"

"No, for if it did, the ether would be attracted towards the larger aggregates of matter, and hence be denser in these neighborhoods, and if its density were not uniform it would not progagate light in straight lines."

"Then in not gravitating it lacks the characteristic property of matter?"

"If by matter you mean masses larger than the atom."

"Why do you restrict the statement?"

"Because in a unit smaller than the atom, such as the electron, the unit and the ether tend to merge into one."

"But how can you derive a property from something from nowhere?"

"I refer you to any text-book on the subject, my mathematics fail me. Besides, I am no more obligated to answer the question than you are."

"But if the ether is continuous and has the same properties throughout space, how do you account for negative parallax of the stars, which is too frequent an occurrence to be explained as error in observation, but must be explained by means of the curvature of space?"

"I do not admit the curvature of space, and insist that negative parallax has no physical significance. It is to be explained simply as error due to the fact that the stars are much farther away than we thought."

"It is a fact of geometry that the surfaces of concentric spheres are proportional to the squares of their radii. Now then, this geometric property of spheroidal bodies gives us a new clue. I quote from memory Le Bon's treatment of the subject in 'The Evolution of Forces.' Let us suppose that we place a candle in the center of a sphere of given radius, and each part of the sphere will receive a given amount of light. Let us double the

radius of the sphere and this same amount of light is spread over a surface four times greater than before, and it follows that its intensity over any given area will be one-fourth of what it was before. If we treble the radius the intensity will be nine times less, and so on. . . . This law of inverse squares simply signifies, therefore, that the intensity at a given distance is inversely proportional to the square of the spheroidal wave propagated to that distance. This is geometrically evident, I take it. When the force decreases with the distance in accordance with this law, it is legitimate enough to suppose that it is propagated by spheroidal waves. Does that seem evident?"

It did, so I said so.

"Then shouldn't this be the case with gravity? Doesn't it seem reasonable that the law of inverse squares allows us to suppose that gravific waves have a form analogous to that of the waves of sound, light and electric

waves — only of almost infinitely small period of vibration?"

"That does not necessarily follow, though it seems plausible enough, I admit."

"But the fact that Newton's computations agreed with his law of gravity does not prove absolutely that the law is true, does it?"

"No, not absolutely."

"Then we have as much right to assume the vibratory or wave nature of gravitation as we have to assume the law of gravity itself."

"It would seem so . . . though I don't see the point of all this . . . but wait! — now that I remember it, some modifications have been suggested by Riemann, Levy, Gerber, and . . ."

"Yes, but you do not admit non-Euclidian geometry."

"But I was not thinking of the electro-magnetic constitution of matter. Even at that, you can prove nothing from your conclusion."

"That modifications of the theory of gravity have been suggested is the very point of my argument. To return to Minkowski: Space and time are complementary and inseparable. My own view is that they are two aspects of a fourth-dimensional unity. . . . Let me quote:

(The devil with his quoting, why doesn't he argue!)

" 'Analytically Minkowski transports himself to a space of four dimensions in which the distinction between space and time vanishes. In this four-dimensional region, the whole of space and time are portrayed in one construct. . . . Thus three-dimensional kinematics becomes four-dimensional geometry. This relation extends further, it reaches the domain of mechanical quantities. *Three-dimensional dynamics can be interpreted as a four-dimensional statics. . . .*" * (Italics are present author's).

* "Relativity and Electron Theory," by E. Cunningham.

"It is a strange fact that absolute motion may be said to be at rest. So that in our world or relativity change is the law of the universe, yet the 'Unmoved Mover' dwells eternal and changeless in his four-dimensional statics.

"So that when Fichte says that the phenomenal universe is the creation of the ego, and Bergson postulates Intuition, we may say that they really postulate the fourth dimension.

"The point made that gravitation is a form of vibration due to the inverse-square property of spheroidal bodies is a pertinent one. If you still have any compunctions on that score, let me remind you that Sir Oliver Lodge, as well as most other scientists who dare express an opinion on the subject, regard gravity as a strain or stress in the ether. Lodge concludes, 'Thus every cubic millimeter of the universal ether of space must possess the equivalent of a thousand tons,

and every part must be squirming internally with the velocity of light.

" '*Gravitation* is thus supposed to be the result of a mechanical tension inherently, and perhaps simultaneously, set up throughout space whenever the etherial structure called an electric charge comes into existence, the tension being directly proportional to the square of the charge and inversely as the linear dimension.' * So that, as he concludes, all that is necessary to the explanation of gravity is a diminution of pressure, or the increase of tension caused by the formation of an electron or corpuscle — the matter unit.

"But let us return to the sphere. . . . A line is generated by a moving point, a moving line generates a plane, and a moving plane generates a solid. Any space can thus generate its next higher space by moving in a new direction. Or we may restate it by saying that each lower dimension is the shadow cast

* "The Ether of Space," by Sir Oliver Lodge.

by its higher space forms. Every axis in nature is the line of a departure in a new direction, as Novalis says. 'Men have really got a new sense, and found within their world another world, or nest of worlds; for, the metamorphosis once seen, we divine that it does not stop. I will now consider how much this makes the charm of algebra and the mathematics, which also have their tropes, but it is felt in every definition; as, when Aristotle defines *space* to be an immovable vessel, in which things are contained or, when Plato defines a *line* to be a flowing point; or, *figure* to be a bound of a solid; and many the like.' Thus spake Emerson, the Platonist. The sphere 'A' casts the circular 'B' upon the plane 'C', and the linear shadow 'D' upon the line 'E'. Of what, then, is the sphere itself the shadow of? — the hypersphere?

"If gravity takes on its vibratory nature because of the functions of spheres, may we

not regard it as a manifestation of a fourth-dimensional unity, and the ether as the 'shadow' of the Unconditioned?

"Plato's myth of the cave, in his Republic, thus adapts itself to a new interpretation. Plato's doctrine is that of an enduring archetypal world of ideas 'beyond the heavens' reflected in a world of transitory images and appearances. As a shadow is to the solid body, so is the object itself to the archetypal Idea. Plato defines a *line* to be a flowing point, he emphasizes the study of mathematics, makes Socrates draw the proof of the Pythagorean theorem from the slave, and emphasizes the importance of music, which one writer defines as a kind of sensual mathematics, — does not all this justify us in believing that Plato conceived of hyperspace?

"To bring this problem closer home: Poincaré, in 'Science and Method' says, 'It quite seems, indeed, that it would be

possible to translate our physics into the language of geometry of four dimensions.' He suggests such an explanation of Hertz's mechanics as being susceptible of such an explanation, and it fits in with what I have said of wave motion. And keep this point well in mind, wave motion characterizes all phenomena, and underlies all rhythm of space and time.

"Poincaré continues, 'The Milky Way, for instance, is an assemblage of suns whose motions appear at first sight capricious. But may not this assemblage be compared with that of the molecules of a gas whose properties we have learned from the kinetic theory of gases?' But in trying to explain gravitation as being due to some system of waves or moving particles, we meet with an objection in the fact that weight, as well as volume, is proportional to density. But if we regard density as simply another dimension, then this trouble is avoided. This theory,

however, would make it necessary to extend the fourth dimension to the kinetic theory, though it is but an implication of Poincaré's analogy. I quote from Claude Bragdon's 'Primer of Higher Space.'

" 'A stream of water,' he says, 'falling vertically upon a plane surface tends naturally to spread out in two dimensions of the plane, setting up, in so doing, undulations in the shape of enlarging concentric circles, diminishing as to depth. The rapidity of this lateral extension, and the force and height of the waves will depend upon the height from which the stream of water falls, that is to say, upon its pressure in the third, or vertical direction.

" 'Carrying out the analogy, in our world of three dimensions the expansive force of gases would be due to some similar influx from the region of the *fourth* dimension, and the amount of pressure exerted by a gas would be the measure of four dimensional extension.

So long as the quantity of energy coming down from a higher world is not expended, there would be some degree of force entering by way of the fourth dimension which causes gas to dilate in our three-dimensional world. The capacity of a gas to expand comes thus from a four-dimensional world.

" 'The density of solid bodies would be due to the same cause, with this difference, that they are stable, and cannot dilate, that is to say, they are in equilibrium with atmospheric pressure. As a consequence, the variations in the densities of bodies would be due to variations in the force from the fourth dimension.

" 'The fourth dimension can thus be considered as represented by the density of solids, or the expansive force of gases,' and I might add, by gravity.

"At the same time, it follows that the mass of a four-dimensional body would be infinitely greater than the mass of a three-dimensional body, that is, its density would be *nil.*

"Of the constitution of matter, Thompson says, 'All mass is mass of the ether, all momentum, momentum of the ether, and all kinetic energy, kinetic energy of the ether.' * Balzac expressed the same thing generations ago: 'All is the product of an ethereal substance, the common base of several phenomena known under the vulgar names of Electricity, Heat, Light, Galvanic and Magnetic Fluid, etc. The universality of the transmutations of this substance constitutes what is commonly called matter. . . . The brain is a retort, where the animal carries, according to the strength of the apparatus all that each of its constituent parts is able to absorb of that substance; and out of which it issues in the form of will. . . .' †

"Further, this theory was, in a remarkable way, anticipated by Napoleon, the Superman of Nietzsche as the perfect expression of the

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* "Electricity and Matter," by J. J. Thompson.
† "Louis Lambert."

Will to Power. In his diary on January 6, 1817 we find the following: 'What is electricity? What is galvanism? There lies the great secret of nature. It works in silence. I believe that man is the product of these fluids and the atmosphere; that the brain pumps in the fluids and produces life; that the soul is made up of them, and that after death they return to the ether whence other brains pump them."

"Such rubbish smacks of mediaeval animal magnetism," I remarked.

"Then let me refer to our greatest materialist, Haeckel, and see what he has to say. According to Haeckel, the vibrations of the elastic, jelly-like ether of space 'is the ultimate cause of all phenomena,' mental and physical, whether we conceive this ether-motion as vibration, strain or condensation — ('condensation' of the ether is impossible). Again, he says that, 'The two fundamental forms of substance, ponderable matter and ether, are

not dead, and only moved by extrinsic force, *but they are endowed with sensation and will*, (though naturally of the lowest grade). . . .'*

"Thus we may regard Mind and Matter as two modes of the ether differentiated kinetically, with the ether as the medium of interaction. Psychology can only explain by giving physical correlates, the cause of every phenomenon will always lie deeper than the psychologist is willing to go. The ultimate cause of every phenomenon lies in the ultimate constituent of the substance in which the modification takes place. It is simply a restatement of the Principle of Continuity, which asserts that the cause of every epiphenomenon is inherent in the ultimate particles of the by-product. Thus, as the implications of Fechner's and Leibniz's theories must lead us to believe, mind is potential in the electron — and it is but one step from the electron to the ether.

* "The Riddle of the Universe," by Ernst Haeckel.

"Psychology, 'the science without a soul,' indeed, without a *consciousness*,* has cut its own head off, and like a decapitated rooster, is flopping about in a bewildering world of *sensations*.

"The brain is a 'juxtaposition of atoms,' if you will, but these atoms are relatively as far apart as the planets of the solar system. They swim in an ocean of ether, separated by the same vast distances, relative to each other, that the various planets of the solar system are, and, as we postulate the ether for the transmission of light waves, so we must postulate a medium for the inter-connection of the atoms of the body, and especially the brain. It is as inconceivable, says Huxley, that consciousness should appear as the result of the friction of molecules as that the Djinn should appear in answer to the rubbing of the Lamp of Alladin. *Memory*

*"Creative Intelligence," by Dewey and others — essay by Boyd H. Bode on "Consciousness and Psychology."

demands some relation between the units of the brain, and as by means of a stress the magnet influences the needle, so we may infer that one atom influences another. Memory, I assert, has its home in the ether. I admit that every thought and feeling of man is accompanied by some change in the cerebral tissue, yet that change is the effect, not the cause. The mere trace in the nervous system of the passage of an idea or impulse is like the furrow of a ship upon the sea, or the path which lightning cuts out in its course, yet it would be folly to assert that a change of the brain atoms causes an act of the will. A barbarian seeing the flash of light which results when the electrician throws on a switch would be likely to think that the switch is the cause of the light, whereas it is but the *occasion*. Extending the analogy, insanity and mental abberations are simply short circuits of the brain switch-board. The brain, like a transformer, step-up and

step-down, only serves as the medium of transmission.

"As Sir Oliver Lodge says, 'If any one thinks that the ether, with all its massiveness and energy, has probably no psychical significance, I find myself unable to agree with him.'

"So that, as Edward Carpenter points out, as a solid is related to its own surface, so it would appear, is cosmic consciousness related to self-consciousness. Bergson's view that the intellect is a product of the evolution of life, formed by a shrinkage or condensation of consciousness, for the purpose of endowing the being possessing it with the capacity of viewing the reality outside itself, is comprehensible only when seen through the fourth dimensional vista — probably that is the reason why he is so incomprehensible to some people! Fechner's suggestion that every death is but a rebirth into a new world attains something more than poetic vigor. That

science is rapidly drifting towards this conception of the universe may be gathered from this reference. Dr. Saleeby, in 'Evolution: the Master Key' says: 'Life is potential in matter; life energy is not a thing unique and created at a particular time in the past. If evolution be true, living matter has been evolved by natural processes from matter which is, apparently, not alive. But if life is potential in matter, it is a thousand times more evident that mind is potential in life. The microscopic cell, a minute speck of matter that is to become man, has in it the promise and germ of mind. May we not then draw the inference that the elements of mind are present in those chemical elements — carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, sulphur, phosphorus, sodium, potassium, chlorine — that are found in the cell? Not only must we do so, but we must go further, since we know that each of these elements, and every other, is built up out of one invari-

able unit, the electron, and we must therefore assert that mind is potential in the unit of matter — the electron.' This view is one that is not peculiar to but one individual, either. The principle of continuity demands that as much be said of the smallest unit of matter as can be supposed.

"But my point that each atom is the expression of the Universal Will, exercised at a definite point, bears emphasis. Thus the electron, as a vorticle manifestation of the ether, is like a typhoon or water spout in an ocean, mounting upward in an ever-expanding spiral, to melt into the heavens itself. Of this geometry of points or position Poincaré says: 'We must succeed in constructing it completely in the higher spaces, and we shall then have an instrument which will enable us really to see into hyperspace and to supplement our senses.' *

"Leibniz and Lotze regard each atom as a

* "Science and Method" by Henri Poincaré.

metaphysical entity or monad. Leibniz created his Pre-established harmony to get rid of the parallelism of soul and body. Fechner's theory of panpsychism obviates this difficulty. Psychology denies interaction, but memory, regarded from the materialistic standpoint, as having its roots in the relations of the cerebral tissue, necessitates some sort of interaction between the smallest units that go to make up the cerebral tissue. If every atom is a center of force, then each atom influences the other through the lines of force that it creates. The psychologist would accuse me of being negligent of the physiological understanding of the basis of consciousness, on the other hand, I impeach the results of modern psychology, and denounce these theorizers as being devoid of any comprehensive understanding of the applications of physics. Physics is as legitimate a science as physiology, and its concepts are just as pertinent to the ultimate explanations of mental phenomena.

"Bertrand Russell's critical work on the philosophy of Leibniz brings out the characteristic features of his doctrine. To quote: 'Hence there must be, in every state of a substance, some element or quality in virtue of which that state is not permanent, but tends to pass into the next state.' As Leibniz points out, given the first term of such a series of successions and the law of progression, the remaining terms arise in order. A change of relative situation is necessarily reciprocal, and hence Leibniz is led to the equality of action and reaction. To him, impact was ultimately the only form of dynamic interaction. He rejected the Newtonian gravitation, as he agreed with Huygens against Newton that the phenomena of circular motion gives no indication of absolute motion, holding with most moderns that gravitation must be explained by means of an all-pervading fluid. So that perfect elasticity was required throughout. Elasticity was required to conserve *Vis Viva.*

" 'But if impact be the ultimate form of interaction, this answer can only serve if the smaller parts which receive the motion are themselves perfectly elastic. Impact is only elastic, according to Leibniz, because of a 'subtle and penetrating fluid,' whose motion is disturbed by tension, or by change of elasticity. And as this fluid must be itself in turn composed of little solid bodies, elastic among themselves, we see that this replication of solids and fluids continues to infinity.'

"And if it is true that it is only by putting elasticity everywhere in matter, then it necessarily follows that there are worlds in the smallest bodies, and that therefore there are no first elements, for, as Russell says, we must say as much of the smallest portion of the subtle fluid as can be supposed. To have perfect elasticity, a body, however small, must be surrounded by a fluid as subtle to itself as the subtlety of the body

is in relation to us. The point made is important. Any contradiction will clear itself up later.

"Again resorting to analogy, the highest form of argument, spheroidal phenomena represent the cross-section of the current of four-dimensional bodies passing through a three-dimensional plane. They would manifest themselves as a principle of growth, of change, and as a measure of relations. Thus, these cross-sections, in passing through this plane would seem to us to be the reality of the world in a dynamic condition, organized into forms with the inherent power of change, growth, expansion and contraction. From a dynamic standpoint, the mathematical physicist could simplify his task, if, instead of referring phenomena to a set of three space axes and one time axis, they are referred to homogeneous co-ordinates — time, in other words, would be translated into a dimension of space — the fourth dimension. What is

time for one grade of consciousness is space for the next.*

"Leibniz denies that one monad can influence another — 'monads have no windows' — yet his pre-established harmony is untenable to modern thinkers. It does not square up with epigenetic processes, for one thing. However, I do give credence to his theory that man is a microcosm, a mirror of the universe. Now then, each space may be defined as that which separates two portions of the next higher space from each other. And we have said that the sphere, from a conceptual point of view, represents the projection of the fourth dimension through this world — may we not draw the conclusion that each point of space, as a force-center, call it monad or electron, each point is the beginning of a pathway into and out of four-dimensional space. Poincaré justifies us in this stand, and this stand justifies Leibniz's

*"A Primer of Higher Space," by Claude Bragdon.

monads without windows, and man as the epitome of the universe. Four-dimensional space, as a unity variegated into the three-dimensional world of dynamics, must preserve a harmony which dwellers on the latter plane, not seeing behind the scenes of the stage, might construe as 'pre-established harmony.'

"Evolution, in this manner, becomes much more intelligible. If we were to imagine a helix or spiral in three dimensions to pass through a plane it would manifest itself as a point moving in a circle. And, to use the extension of this analogy as Bragdon puts it: 'Now imagine a *Four*-Dimensional spiral passing through a *Three*-Dimensional space. The point of intersection, instead of moving in a circle, will trace out a sphere. Assuming, as before, a complicated structure for the spiral (circles in spirals—a kind of 'epi-cycle'), its presentiment in three-space will consist of bodies built up of spheres of various magnitudes moving harmoniously amongst one

another, and requiring *Time* for their development. May not the atom, the molecule (the electron?), the cell — the Earth itself, be so many paths and patterns of unchanging unity?'

"Assuming such a unity in hyper-space, this projected on the conscious physical plane would manifest itself as a single individual in different personalities separated from each other in time. Reincarnation may thus be conceived as the representation of a transcendental self in successive egos."

Here I could contain myself no longer.

VI

"I have never been able to convince myself that reincarnation solves the problem of the mystery of existence. A period of life, as the Christian conceives it, is, say, seventy years. The actions of the person, as determined by his motives, during these seventy years predetermines his fate for all futurity. In order to get rid of Eternal Damnation, the Reincarnationist asserts a succession of lives, each, in the long run, an evolution or progress beyond the preceding life, until, at last, true spirituality is attained. But here is the fallacy: Reincarnation postulates a Change occurring in Time — the only alternative of saying that the process is infinite is no more comforting than a faith in eternal evolution. Besides, if reincarnation be an infinite development, in the infinity of the past that has preceded

the present moment we should long ago have passed the present stage. Reincarnation, then, is a finite process, and both the orthodox Christian conception and reincarnation are beliefs in finite periods of evolution taking place in an eternal span of time. Now any finite period of time, be it 70 or 70,000 years, is to this eternity as any other finite period greater or less. So far as solving the mystery of existence goes, it only ages the problem and makes it more obscure. To place the burden of the mystery of existence on 'Experience' is the most puerile attempt to reconcile an evil world with a supposedly good God that could ever have originated from an anthropomorphic race of subservient, whining slaves, seeking to justify the blundering ways of their god with that which is in themselves — higher even than their God! I thank my stars that I have not the burden of a 'sin' and misery cursed universe resting upon my conscience — as your God has."

"But you are simply stating the fallacy of Zeno. Don't you see that my conception of time, Duration, if you would call it so, is absolutely necessary in the face of the arguments you have advanced?

"You are, by this time, conversant with the general features of my theories. All undulatory motion produces a symmetrical division of time. According to the law of individualization, this division of space and time manifests itself in smaller and smaller units, the larger being but multiples of the smaller, and the smaller we call vibrations, and the larger, cycles, with a progressive series between the two. We note this rhythmic character from cosmic periods down to such cycles where there are known as undulations and vibrations. The vibrations of sound and heat are close to the means of which on the one extreme of the series we find such of the greatest periods as the 'birth' and 'death' of solar systems, or the periods of the variable stars, and in the

other direction the extremes of the series including the vibrations of light, X-rays, Hertzian waves, ultra-violet light, and those labeled 'unknown'. The period of a planet is simply an extended vibration when seen through our end of the telescope, but to the inhabitant of the supra-universe as he sees it through his end of the telescope, or microscope, rather, these planetary periods are to him what the periods of the infra-universe of the atomic solar system are to us — simply vibrations. Keep this point well in mind.

"This comprehensive view of the universe explains the origin of matter, evolution, the growth of cells, valency of atoms, polarization, crystalization, the penetrative power of radium emanations, rates of chemical change, swiftness of thought — the problems of ontology and epistemology will be reconsidered. But it will, with reference to the supra-universe, also explain our relations to the universe at large in terms of births and

deaths of solar systems. All these problems lend themselves to an easier solution in the light of hyper-space concepts. And it is true, as Novalis exclaims, Mathematics is pure Religion. As the Sage of Concord says: 'With a geometry of sunbeams, the soul lays the foundations of nature. . . . Whilst the eternal generation of circles proceeds, the eternal generator abides. . . . We stand before the secret of the world — where Being passes into Appearance, the Unity into Variety. . . . The natural world may be conceived of as a system of concentric circles; and we now and then detect in nature slight dislocations, which apprise us that this surface on which we now stand is not fixed but sliding. . . . Cause and effect are two sides of one fact. . . . St. Augustine describes the nature of God as a circle whose center is everywhere, and its center nowhere. . . . The Soul is progressive, it circumscribeth all things, in a like manner it abolisheth time and space, time

and space are inverse measures of the force of the soul.'

"Mathematics, as Keyser says, is identical with symbolic logic — the age of transcendental, or non-Euclidian logic is at hand.

"We now consider the relation of man to nature in view of the above suggestions. Knowledge arises from consciousness, and consciousness is always conditioned by the vehicle of physical perception. Thus, according to the constitution of man, relativity is the product of human values. Poincaré has a valuable suggestion here: 'Thus the characteristic property of space, that of having three dimensions, is only a property of our distribution board, a property residing, so to speak, in the human intelligence. The destruction of some of these connections, that is to say, of these associations of ideas, would be sufficient to give us a different distribution board, and that might be enough to endow space with a fourth dimension.'

"I believe that under certain conditions we do have access to such a dimensional intelligence; and the legitimacy of Intuition, Revelation, and I might add, of the inspiration of genius, rests upon the validity of this hyper-space unity concept. Poincaré, in order to explain some curious psychological processes happening to himself, and which he stoutly maintains are not to be explained by means of any conscious principle, had recourse to a theory of his own, of the 'subliminal ego.' The part played by this unconscious work in mathematical discovery, he holds, is not to be disputed. It was in connection with his researches in Fuchsian functions and non-Euclidian geometry that these 'appearances of sudden illumination' occurred.

"One would expect that if ideas were the highest form of knowledge, any person approaching closest to that state in which such knowledge were attainable would be the most likely to possess, and in some manner express

possession of such knowledge. In the phenomena of hypnotism, which closest resembles a subliminal state, so far as tests can be made, we find such evidence. If ideas are universal one would expect the reasoning of a person possessing them to be *from* these universals; in other words, such a person would reason from premises already given, and he would thus use the deductive method. The objective or conscious mind is capable of reasoning by all methods, inductive and deductive, synthetical and analytical. But the subjective or subliminal mind is capable of reasoning deductively, and with the greatest accuracy, but it is incapable of reasoning inductively. It is obvious that if the 'mind' has these Ideas or universals, it is incapable of rising above them, but can reason in the other direction. This is not, however, the doctrine of innate ideas, which stimulated the ire of Locke so much. In but a comparatively few instances does such a rise in the level of

consciousness occur. But the individual is the prototype of the mass-man; what is the genius of one age is the common stock of the next, and what is the insanity of one age becomes the sanity of the next — phylogenetic development is simply ontogenetic development on a grand scale. These ideas do not exist in the brain, nor are they localized in space, but they exist as archetypal forms nascent in the ether, and it is this reflecting ether which constitutes the mentality of the universe, and which universal repository of nature Hartmann termed the Unconscious.

"Just as an electric current, immersed in a fluid solution, will precipitate the suspended chemicals into a definite form of crystalization, so the Intellect, meeting the proper percept, crystalizes the concept with the corresponding percept, the two meeting, there is a flash, they are volatilized and fused into one and registered in *memory*, so to speak. The *Unconscious* acts as the fluid with the

elements suspended therein. Mind and matter are two modes of the ether. The physical forms of things exist in the ether as stress-lines, as is proved when a broken crystal is recrystalized in the mother fluid in the exact form of the original crystal. Mayer's experiments with the floating magnets proves the same thing. The brain is the intermediary of the two. The 'Ideas' of things existing in the ether are as accessible to the mind, as a mode of the ether, as they are to matter. Memory is thus a tension of the brain atoms in the ether. In using the same magnet in photographing the lines of force as they arrange themselves visibly in the iron fillings we always get the same arrangement of lines, or the same *image*, so, when we create the same tension in the brain atoms, by attention, that has been produced at any time in the past we get the same *image* which produced the preceding tension.

"That the forms existing in the mind

through the ether absolutely correspond to the external forms denies the evolutionary processes of the latter. In truth, both forms evolve, or rather, the two modes progress, but the mental archetypes precede the physical, though these changes exist in the Unconscious preceding their advent into the conscious. The evolution of the modes is the basis of the 'continual elaboration of the ever-new,' both are fluidic and adjust themselves to each other.

"Nor do these changes immediately happen in the individual, and thus spread from man to man, but in leaps or rhythms these advances are precipitated into humanity, manifesting themselves in history in such a manner that we definitely mark off certain periods as characterized by certain tendencies, which gives history that peculiar epoch-appearance. This process is one of Duration, not of Time. The sorrow is that we are so low in the scale of evolution.

"As long as our intelligence is that of relativity, the problems presenting themselves are incapable of final solution, and in a mental universe of 'absolute intelligence' these problems will not exist. One glimpse of a lower cross-section of evolution should be sufficient to convince one of the folly of drawing final conclusions on any aspect of philosophy, religion, or science — the problems which perplex one grade of intelligence resolved themselves into new forms for higher grades, and the best that we can do is to Will to Believe in the ultimate conservation of 'Good' as the quintessence of a 'best possible universe,' and place our faith in the unrealized possibilities of 'Creative Intelligence.' Because of the peculiar impulse of the Individual in contrast to the inertia of Society, we have ignored the revelations through the hyperspace consciousness as a possibility in the securing of the freedom of the masses.

"What do we know of the mind that we

can say thus and so; as yet we have but touched the crests of consciousness, and that basic reality underlying and uniting the ripples of the 'flowing stream' remains unsounded. We merely see the shadows play across the field, like clouds chasing themselves over valleys and hills. The mind is something more than a camera photographing the panorama of reality and reproducing realistically.

"From the standpoint of psychophysical parallelism, mind and matter are but two phases or sides of the same fundamental reality. From this standpoint it makes little difference whether you call it a physical or a psychical force operating through the body. Nerve-force is akin to electricity, and electricity is vibratory — then is not nerve-force also? And if the nervous energy of the body, to the physiological psychologist, is the real force of the body, then it must be of a vibratory nature, much as light and heat are. As I

have proved all physical forces in the universe are vibratory, for I believe in the essential unity of all forces according to the principle of continuity and the correlation and evolution of forces, and as physical and psychical forces are identical in the body, so far as the psychologist is concerned, it follows that psychical force is vibratory also. Or in other words, the only difference between the psychical and the physical is a difference in the periods of vibration, or a kinetic difference of tension. This essential unity of all forces is a scientific concept which has been held by all scientists since the formulation of the law of the conservation of energy, Youmans, whom I have quoted, and Faraday, in particular, were very definite on this point. It is inconceivable that a non-spacial, immaterial, and non-localized psychical force should act upon a physical force — it would violate the law of the conservation of energy and invalidate the principle of determinism — but my con-

ception evades both these difficulties. It is no more inconceivable than that different forces of different vibratory intensities should be translated into the consciousness at the same time. He who forces me to explain how different vibratory intensities — physical and psychical — can exist in the same mind at the same time and interact, at the same time forces the explanation of the simultaneous existence of sound and light vibrations in the same mind, home upon himself.

"So then, we may regard mind and matter as two differentiated states of the ultimate reality of nature, the ether. The more rapid the period of vibration, the greater is the density, the permanence, and stability of the medium. The end of this series, 'the highest relativity,' as Enriquez puts it, or the supreme monad, as Leibniz would say, would thus become the Platonic archetypal world of Ideas, if it is by the approach of the relatively vibrating mentality to the absolute vibration

that we approach these Ideas in their purity and perfection.

"This stand only emphasizes the necessity of the introduction of the hyper-space concept. It might well be insisted that such a thing as 'absolute vibration' does not and can not exist. We might ask Leibniz how his Supreme Monad, which is God, is related to his series of monads. He cannot be out of and independent of the series, yet to be in the series, even as the supreme end, takes away the individuality and unconditioned nature of Him, and He becomes nothing but a 'higher relativity.' Berkley falls into the same error when he asserts that God is the sustaining ground of the system of percepts in finite beings. If God creates these finite wills, as Berkley maintains, then we may well ask how the Infinite is able to act upon the Finite, how the Unconditioned 'partakes in' the Conditioned and relative. It might be argued that since God is all-powerful he can effect

these things through His own nature — but that is only begging the question: God, himself, is amenable to the laws He creates — else He is not the origin of Law. This, as I have consistently maintained throughout, is only possible by means of the introduction of the Fourth Dimension.

"The psychological origin of 'causality,' as Hume saw it, thus becomes an important factor in the explanation of things. Titchener's refutation of Wundt's tri-dimensional theory of feeling is no objection at all. That a fourth dimension should be introduced into perception is not unheard of. Life and experience are inseparable. Space is Experience, and experience is assimilated into consciousness through the Fourth Dimension. Such a theory secures its validity in the Webber-Fechner law of tension as the condition of consciousness. The mutations of tension constitutes the mutations of consciousness. Thus it is that Instinct, Impulse, Habit,

Intelligence, and Intuition, represent the transformations. In each case the law of inertia bears upon the state — it is as hard to attain to an intuitive state as it is to overcome a fixed habit.

"Reality is not independent of ourselves, it is dynamic and continually unfolding and being *made* by our interests and desires. Reality, like dreams and mythologies, is a wish fulfillment, but due to an unconscious impetus, a cosmic urge, in which the will manifests itself as the creator of forms. The realization or unfolding of the consciousness constitutes the revelation of consciousness, which is the supporting ground of reality, or the system of ideas, according to Berkley. Had Berkley recourse to some 'cosmic self,' as Holt phrases it,* to some underlying bed of the Unconscious, he would not have fallen heir to the solipsistic implications of his philosophy.

*"Cosmic Relations," by Henry Holt.

"Mutation may thus be defined as the introduction of a novel feeling, impulse, or idea, according to the relative position in the scale of evolution, which enter into the individual because the latter, in his rise through successive planes of vibration, synchronizes himself with those higher impulses or 'ideas' in nature, existing in the ether. As Youmans points out, men are the products of movements, and scientific discoveries are the products of the age — if the respective discoverers of the law of gravity, evolution, the conservation of energy, the electron theory, etc., had not lived, someone else would have discovered the same things. It is more proper to speak of things as being 'in the ether' than 'in the air.' This is the basis of 'mob psychology.' Perhaps, if the zoologist were to look for the causes of things from within, instead of looking for the external determinants of things, he might get closer to the real significance of the puzzling nature

of mutation. To return to the preceding: For those dwelling on different planes of vibratory consciousness a correspondingly different reality forms the basis of their experience. Just as water permeates a sponge and air permeates water, so there are different planes of reality interfused within one another.

"If you have secured my idea of the rhythm of motion you may be able to understand me when I say that time is a cross section of the flow of vibration towards eternity, that space bears the same relation to infinity; that absolute vibration, or infinite vibration in rapidity of periodicity, is the fourth dimension — spaceless and timeless. Whatever inconsistencies may arise take their origin in the attempt to interpret the fourth dimension, spaceless and timeless, in terms of three dimensional concepts — but such are the deficiencies of language. Not only does the principle of relativity demand a revision of the space concept, but it compels a new

view of time, and thus introduces the notion of curved time:

"The principle of the curvature of space and time confirms the idea of rhythm and periodicity. I suppose Spencer dissolves the ultimate cause of his Rhythm of Motion into the 'Unknowable.' This cyclic process in nature has given rise to the 'Everlasting Return,' which, far from being as original as Nietzsche supposed, is as old as Stoicism and beyond. But instead of being cyclic, the process is spiraline, each succeeding lap being a little in advance of the preceding one, in the long run. If there is anything which the concept of hyper-space will do, it will be to destroy the faith in the fate of recurring cycles — the 'Pathos of Time.' All processes are creative; Nature never quite repeats herself, to paraphrase Emerson. Hegel incorporated this thought in his Dialectics.

"We look into the immeasurable realms of space filled with orbs of beauty and spheres of

flame, and we discover this rhythm. The spiraline nebula hints at rhythm, variable stars brighten and pale at regular intervals; planet, satellite, and comet, revolve and return at proportional intervals; the seasons, magnetic variations, and sun-spots, come and go. The great tides of the ocean, the lungs of man, the heart-beat of the breast, and the cilia of the animalcule, play to and fro with rhythmic diastole and systole. From the precession of the equinoxes, upheavals of continents and the recessions of waters, to the vibrating strings of air columns in the production of sound measured by the thousandths of seconds, and the vibrating of the ether in the production of light or Hertzian waves — all flow by rhythmic rule.

"Spencer agrees with oriental conceptions concerning these processes. He says: 'We find reason for thinking that these various equilibrations which bring to a close all the forms of evolution we have contemplated

there must be an equilibrium of a far vaster kind. When that integration everywhere in progress throughout our solar system has reached its climax, there will remain to be effected the immeasurably greater integration of one solar system with other such systems. There must then reappear in molecular motion what is lost in the motion of the masses, and the inevitable transformation of this motion of masses into molecular motion cannot take place without reducing the masses to a nebulous form. Thus we are led to the conclusion that the entire process of things as displayed in the aggregate of the visible universe is analogous to the entire process of things as displayed in the smallest degree.'

"Keeping in mind the idea of *waves* or *rhythms* as being but different *time* and *space units*, to us, and that this rhythmic effect is a property of spheroidal manifestation, a pressure from another direction, or in other words, that the fourth dimension manifests itself

in three dimensions as a series, a waxing and a waning, a rhythmical nature which underlies the principle of relativity, the following statement found in Poe's poetic effusion, Eureka, becomes almost prophetic. He feels warranted in announcing that 'the law which we have been in the habit of calling Gravity exists on account of Matter's having been irradiated, at its origin, automatically, into a limited (preferring tautology to misconception) sphere of space, from one, individual, unconditioned, irrelative, and absolute Particle Proper, by the sole process in which it was to satisfy, at the same time, the two conditions, irradiation, and generally-equable distribution throughout the sphere — that is to say, by a force varying in direct proportion with the squares of the distance between the irradiated atoms, respectively, and the Particular Center of Irradiation.'

"This increased pressure upon the consciousness from a new direction demands a

mode of expansion in a new direction. All things now-a-days are being explained in terms of stress, pressure, and strains. For example, in physics, polarity, induction; and, as Hinton conceived it, the electric current is a four-dimensional vortex. Putting the question thus, I make answer:

VII

"The history of civilization is the story of the conquest of man over nature. It is the romance of the subjugation of elements, the utilization of ever-finer mediums of motion. In the morning dawn of civilization primitive men dealt with solids. His implements were solids, bodies that were easily accessible and that could be fashioned with no great skill, such as stones, wood, clay, and the natural products which lent themselves to his service. Then, as the sun of civilization rose, man found in liquids a readier servant. He discovered the manifold uses of water, and trusted himself to barks, and thus extended the horizon of his conquest over nature. This was an important step: The bringing of space within the domains of consciousness is concomitant with the advance of the intellect. Water

then served as a propelling force, and we find the primitive water mill utilizing the energy of liquids. Then man learned the use of gas. Wind was a much finer condition of matter, and as such, it lent itself to a greater adaptability of service. Wind became the motive power for the propulsion of ships, as well as mills. The value of this step cannot be overestimated. As a progressive step it brought the extremities of the world into contact. It widened the scope of man's knowledge; it extended the field of vision, and enlarged his consciousness. Steam, an invisible, elastic gas, overshadowed the range and power of the coarser medium, air. Then fade the wonders of steam beside its more ethereal supplanter, electricity. Streaming through the ether of space, from sun to earth,* this Proteus of power bids fair to subdue the whole universe and lead in the conquest of space.†

*Proven in the Synchronism of the Auroras and the Sun-spots.
†"The Coming Force," by Max Heindel.

"Man's progress is commensurate with his medium. The facility of the medium is its subtlety. Consciousness in refining progression has embodied within itself in successive order, solids, liquids, air, steam, and electricity — each successive medium, from solids to electricity, has proved more subtle and ethereal than its precursor. What of the future? Is the medium of the future advance of the human race dependent upon the discovery and utilization of an energy as much finer and more rapid in transmission than electricity as electricity is subtler than steam? What is this force?

"As I have persistently maintained, this force is the dynamic force of mind — the conquest of space lies in the realization of the potentialities of consciousness. Each point of space, the electron, is the starting point of a pathway into, and the termination point out of, four-dimensional space, as someone says. The psychic phenomena so hard to

understand from the ordinary standpoint are more easily understood from the hyperspace concept. 'The kingdom of Heaven is within you.'

"As Fournier concludes then — the visible universe is only one in a chain of similar universes contained one within another, and differing only in the size of their elementary constituent particles. The atoms of one universe are the suns of the next universe, the electrons are its atoms; and space and time are relative.

"Thus it appears that it makes little difference in which direction we go, we are always faced with the same problem — it is a waste of time to look for ultimate particle, or a continuous fluid of a certain density or elasticity; we can never hope to arrive at anything ultimate, from a three dimensional viewpoint; and, as Fournier points out, neither the microscope nor the telescope will solve the riddle of the universe, but

psychology; and finally, . . . 'we are gradually drawn to the conclusion that mind is everything, and matter but an expression of the universal mind.' " *

"But permit me to interpose an objection. If your ether is infinite in extent and continuity, has the same properties throughout, and is incompressible, I doubt whether it is able to vibrate at all." †

"Your objection is valid, but my ether is not ultimate. This does not invalidate the fourth dimension, however, for I believe we have just as much reason to believe in 'N' dimensions as we have in four. Time and space, you must remember, are subjective, they are a matter of experience. This is as hard to understand as it is for Leibniz to explain how the perception of *space* is latent in *unextended* centers of force.

"If the electron is a vortex, and if a gram

*"Two New Worlds," by Fournier.
†"The Riddle of the Sphinx," by Schiller.

of hydrogen means a 6,800,000 horse-power stress in the ether, mathematicians assure us that a perfect homogeneous ether could not withstand such a pressure and retain the density that is necessary. The mathematicians say, however, that five such ethers of varying densities would fit the situation.* This bears out the theory of universes within universes. Man has within himself, latent, as many existences as there are ethers, which accounts for 'multiple personality,' perhaps. Keep in mind that the infinite is a three-dimensional concept, even though every tenuity implies that of successive tenuities.

"Out of the strife of the universe, the pain of the inner conflict in the soul of man, out of the war of nations and the agony of the death struggle, into the Supra-world a living being shall be born. As we watch the growth of the amoeba under the cover-glass, the Supra-man will watch the growth of galaxies

*"Matter and Some of Its Dimensions." by W. K. Carr.

and systems. 'Above the Battle' I feel the joyousness of a new freedom. What can you who are given over to the bitterness of earthly despair know of the joy of spiritual insight? I preach the Supra-man, not the Superman!

"As Fournier's eloquence puts it, motion means change or experience. 'Inertia means habit. . . . No universe exists which is entirely unconnected with this of ours. We know that the fruit of our slightest act goes thundering down the ages, that nothing is effaced, that everything is of infinite and eternal consequence. . . . Man emerges from each successive conflict stronger, saner, and better, more assured of the ultimate victory, fitter to reap the fruits of it.'

"In the end reason does not play the important role we assign to it. Rhythm, or the persistence of force, underlies the psychical as well as the physical. As Carlyle confesses in 'Sartor Resartus' his spiritual status was not

determined by his mental outlook so much as his spiritual condition influenced his course of reason. The spiritual life is far more subtle, and eludes our grasp, yet like an electric current, the spiritual life fluctuates in rhythmic motion, and induces corresponding changes in the mental life, and this will continue until a place of rest is determined on either plane. But the empiricist can only lay his hands upon the coarser manifestation, the fluctuations of the spirit elude him, so he says that the personal changes are the result of logical inferences, which then react upon the spiritual nature. In reality the two are simultaneous, and the logic pursues unconsciously the path of the spirit. Thus our course of reason is predetermined by the subtle path traced out by the spirit."

"But such a philosophy is pregnant with pessimism as profound as that of materialistic determinism."

"Not from the reincarnation theory. It is

a determinism, but a spiritualistic and optimistic determinism that engenders hope and faith. There is always that possibility of a free expression, an absolutely creative and free act from the standpoint of hyperspace."

"Your emanation theories and reincarnation seem to me to provide for a fate that would stagger even the Wandering Jew. I will never forgive the power that brought me into being, could I say there be such a responsible power. Your high-handed philosophy draws only this admission from me:

"When Shelley's Prometheus had learned to forgive the power that chained him to the mountain of suffering he negated the power of the furies to torment him.

"Heraclitus says that it is the balance of opposites that creates the permanence and harmony of the universe. It is the balance of the centripetal force of egotism and the centrifugal force of tangential pantheism running into cosmic emotion that is the origin

of the inner harmony which arises from the consciousness of being in tune with the eternal evolutionary processes of nature. Either tendency carried to the extreme results in disillusionment. To be happy one must be common. The golden mean between egotism and cosmic consciousness, that is, the path of the masses, is the solution of happiness.

"Christ on the one hand, Nietzsche, the Anti-Christ, on the other — both were crucified. We are the extremes, Humanity the means.

"But for myself, I prefer the present life of disillusionment, I am most happy when most miserable, for then my theories are proved. I scorn the path of 'the incorrigible mob of humanity,' as Schopenhauer did.

"Illusionment is the yeast of consciousness. Life is a pantomine on the stage of the theater of nightmares, where the dream-imps have their entrances and exits. It is the drama of the ego on the stage of consciousness, with

the settings of a dream inspired illusion, and our little life is rounded with a sleep, I hope.

"A good course in experimental psychology would serve to dissipate the mysticism of your hazy conceptions of the universe. Your views are purely hypothetical, and lack any experimental basis. I refuse to become an accomplice to the mental abberations of Bolyai's intellectual abortions, himself insane. I refuse to believe in your amoeba-God, who, in his expansions and contractions, reminds me of a goldfish successively swallowing and vomiting the same particle — and for no more apparent reason. Think you I have the least desire to become merely a sucker in one of the arms of your octopus-God as he penetrates his oozy tentacles into the profundities of space and sounds the hollowness of the depths in his gropings? And that is 'Experience,' the 'Will to Consciousness!' What a selfish squid your God is, anyway!"

Here there was a transformation in Min-

nette, and I seemed to be facing a part of myself! . . .

"I am the summation of the suppressed good in your life. In me all the wounds of the victims of your acidulated philosophy seek utterance and redress. I am your better self. Think you that you can as much as smother one iota of yourself — that you can annihilate any part of your personality without replacing it? In the unconscious abyss of your nature is the linked-up experiences of your past life. The good tendencies, the better thoughts, the impulses of altruism, suppressed, stifled, starved — but not forgotten, they all stand before you, transhumanized, representing what you might have been. I stand before you to level the impulse of the accusation, 'Thou hast murdered thy better self' against you. On your own hands drips the blood of your own murder. No more from the ruins of the *Buried Temple* shall the restraining cry of

justice seek to stay the hand of the baser impulse. The curse is on your own heart — He that exalteth himself shall be humbled — thou shalt lose thyself because thou hast not given thyself to share with another, and like a crumbling, rotten shell thou shalt decay in the dissociation of thine own personality, to become the habitat of evil things and vampires haunting human wrecks. Thy self-created Nemesis has come to claim its own."

Like a phantom form swallowed up in some all-devouring mist, Minnette was dissolving into a vapor. And surely there echoed from the abyss of hell as the words hastened the dissolution:

" 'When we dream that we dream we are near waking,' and I claim my rightful self. I am a Superman, and I say to Hell with your four-dimensional verbiage, you Theosophical, vibration-mouthing apostle of the absolute! Back into your mortuary you seven-headed dog of Hades!"

And as the wings of the time spirit beat upon the cage and the curtain fell upon the stage, the cry of insanity arose as the apotheosis of pessimism:

" 'Icarus, poised for flight through the heavens, fell headlong into the depths of the sea. Reason, discouraged, sinks into the depths of the unknowable.' "

VIII

I drink my beer, glance at my watch — I am astounded!

"Waiter, how long have I been here?"

"You just came, Mein Herr, only five minutes ago."

"Time is a curious thing," I remark to myself as I leave, "I would have thought it was an eternity — and only a few seconds!"

I hasten to my room, take up my Bible, dust it off, and read the book of Job. Then all night long, with my Freud and Hartmann at my side, I revise, annotate, and elaborate my theory of the Unconscious. . . .

With the coming of dawn I close my work. . . . Notice how the light filters down through the seething maelstrom of cloud formations, like a cataract disporting itself among the misty half concealed forms, and

running into streamy volutes and rivulets! I draw the curtain, thus shutting out the intruding light. . . .

In the dusky gloom, surrounded by silence and loneliness, my thoughts drift towards the damnable subject, like driftwood sucked up by some hellish maelstrom. I retrace each step of the black logic— My God! is there no weak link in the adamantine chain of reasoning? . . . . The sum of the forces which constitute the universe is constant. We cannot suppose these forces to diminish in their sum-total, even in the smallest degree, for if this were so, the sum-total of cosmic force would have been exhausted long ago, in the infinity of time that has preceded the present moment. Neither is it possible for the sum-total to increase, for this would violate the principle of the conservation of energy.

In the reactions of forces, in time, various combinations will result, one combination the resultant of preceding combinations which

in turn serve as the cause of succeeding combinations. An equilibrium of forces can never be attained, for if that were so, the balance would mean death, with nothing to revive activity. The chances of a combination of momentary equilibrium is assured by virtue of the law of universal determinism, for time is *infinite* and the sum-total of cosmic force is *determined*. Thus in the eternal process of evolution, the same combinations occur and recur, and the process is like a gigantic wheel revolving eternally in space and time.*

"Man! thy whole life, like an hour-glass, will return and will ever flow back, each one of these existences being separate from the other by the great long minute of time necessary in order that all conditions which gave thee birth may be reproduced in the universal cycle. And then shalt thou find again every suffering and every joy, and every friend and every foe, and every hope and

*"The Philosophy of Nietzsche," by Chatterton Hill.

every error, and every blade of grass and every joy of sunshine, and the whole order of things. This cycle, in which thou art an atom, reappears again. And in every cycle of human existence there is an hour, one supreme hour, in which, at first one individual, then many, then all, attain the consciousness of that most powerful of thoughts — the Everlasting Return of all things; and in each case humanity attains through that hour of midday."

The Fourth Dimension or the Everlasting Return? Strindberg had his Swedenborg, has Feuerberg Minnette? Again the accusation confronted me: "Thou hast murdered thy better self." "'Better Self!' — I have no better self; I am what I am — did I create myself?" The sentence in the *Inferno* again presents itself, "in the passionate desire to do myself an injury, I commit moral suicide. . . ."

In the sombre and gloomy laboratory, the

vulture of remorse eating into my vitals as the fitful fire flickers and dimly illumines the darkness, relentlessly pursued by the implacable vengeance of my evil genius, and in the sombre aroma emanating from a soul overtaken by a self-created Nemesis—finally to be swallowed up in a gulp which yawns like a gloomy pit of darkness, the darkness of a soul, lifted — "nevermore" — here in the chaos of things, I prepare my apparatus, strong in the hope of success of my experiment to create life. . . .

I stir up the ashes in the fireplace and place my crucible in the smelting furnace. In the white heat, glowing with perspiration, I fire my flint to white heat, and in the process open up another wound and the blood sputters upon the white crucible and adds a human flux. I plunge the glowing flint into the prepared water to pulverize it. The silex thus reduced, I saturate with muriatic acid, and in my nervousness upset the acid bottle.

The mixture I then place in a jar, suspend a piece of flannel in the solution so as to extend over the one side, and thus by capillary attraction, the solution is slowly filtered into a funnel to drip upon a piece of ironstone from Mt. Vesuvius, upon which latter lie two wires from either pole of a battery. . . . In twenty days there will be life!

And in the ghostly room of phantoms, where the shadows chase the flames across the whispering draperies, there sounds the steady dripping, dripping . . . dripping through the attenuated silence, of the acid on the ironstone. . . .

I fancy I hear the voice of the sea, and the melancholy wash of sobbings the slumbering egos of a thousand Icaruses awoke:

In the dim and haunted Thule of consciousness
Fancy spins with aëry fingers the threads of time and space,
And on the loom of destiny the patterns of reality entwines,

Like the fugue of a spook sonata on the musical shuttle
of the liminal —
Marionette — like flashing from out eternity,
The soul through stained glass vistas plays
Its mosiac of death hues over the threshold.

Gnomic hands have touched the sleeping Proteus to
life —
A spiritual nomad plunged into the whirling depths of
dream-dramas:
Brooding nonentity! heir to a myriad personalities
am I . . .
No Beatrice to guide the errant ego, no soothing balm
Of love, to still the effervescence of a soul on fire,
Or mute the imp-like improvisations of the sublimate
of memory.

Mists of twilights, like the muffled fall of snow,
Slowly settle and encompass all,
In the soundless echoes of the floating shadows of the
dusk:
I hear the sea intone his ancient monotone,
Reverberate the metamorphosis of melodies
In deep-toned resonance of surf-surge soundings . . .
A chill breath sweeps across the leaden ocean;

The frost flakes melt into the cold green brine,
And like the patter of tears, falling drop by drop,
They echo dissolution — penetrating the whispering
silence of the death-doom of the sea. . . .

In twenty days there will be life, I murmur. . . .

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